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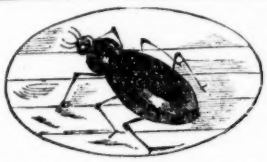

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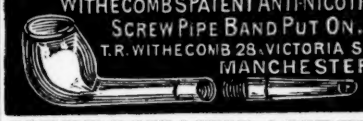

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[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

MR. T. W. ROBERTSON,

AUTHOR OF SCHOOL, CASTE, SOCIETY, ETC.

SIGNOR Mazzini, who, in the years to come, when the mists of contemporary prejudice and falsehood shall have cleared away, will be considered a very great man, writes to his friend Edward Quinet a letter which takes an extremely desponding view of present times. The view is, in a great measure, a true one, but it is one which is natural to all old men, but especially so to one who, like Mazzini, has seen the cherished hopes of his youth disappointed, who has believed, and nobly believed, in humanity, but has found at last that his faith was but a dream resulting from his own nobleness. Thus Brutus, when dying on the field of battle, found virtue but a shade, and Mazzini wearies of this generation, which he says, truly enough, is "a mere instrument, having no faith but only opinions; which abjures God, Immortality, Love, and a belief in an intelligent and providential law; receives laws as regulations, forms without substance, means without an end, while Justice is regarded as Utopian, and worship is reserved for success; an age growing in intelligence but not in purpose." Upon this the *Spectator* remarks, "his view of this age is too desponding, but is confirmed in great part by every teacher, religious and secular, around us;" and it is with this in our mind that we would begin an essay on, or a review of, Mr. T. W. Robertson and his comedies. For dramatic work is like none other literature—it reflects the age or the wishes of the age. An author like Bacon, or Milton, or Gibbon, or Hobbes of Malmesbury, might and can afford to wait, but a man like Shakespere, or Ben Jonson, or Beaumont and Fletcher cannot. In a modified sense, also, Dr. Johnson's couplet is quite true:

> The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
> And they who live to please, must please to live,

There is no approval so delightful as a full house; no criticism so damning as a beggarly account of empty boxes. Hence the decline of the Drama, and hence the merit of the courageous endeavour of Mr. Robertson to render one English theatre at least worthy of the name, and to present a comedy which reflected the manners of the age, and justly satirized the follies of the day. This, too, at a time when almost all the plays that we have are stolen—or taken—from the French, without leave often, frequently with the consent of the authors; dramas which cannot possibly picture English manners, which have almost all of them a stain of original sin so deep that it cannot always be washed away by any amount of English cleansing powder, and which if washed away leaves the English adaptation weak, colourless, and worthless.

Mr. Thomas William Robertson is one of those few dramatic authors who have been originally actors. The great name of Shakespere heads the list; those of Garrick, Tobin, Colley Cibber, Buckstone, and a few others have to be included, but it follows that either the author is a bad actor, or, if a good actor, he is a poor and weak author. The one *rôle* must subordinate the other. Colley Cibber succeeded in both if we take his *Careless Husband* as a specimen, but in general the actor-author is a mistake. Dramatic literature has a despotic Muse who will not be conciliated with a merely partial courtship. Shakespere taught one actor how to read his Ghost in *Hamlet*, and himself made but a lame representative of old Adam in *As You Like It*. Mr. Robertson, we believe, never achieved distinction as an actor, and indeed was, we have been told, little better than a walking gentleman supernumerary at second-rate theatres. But he gained therefrom an immense knowledge of stage business and effect, and that chief part of knowledge, to know what to say and to say no more. He never overloads his parts; he writes with excessive neatness, and taking the measure of his audience, never treats it—whatever may be its component parts—to any deep reflections, poetical rhapsodies, long lengths of verse or measured prose, or pathos of any depth. What he means is always transparent, and hence his jokes never miss fire. He has been seconded by such good actors and actresses that, although by no means acute, they seem to be so, for while his plays really display their own merit more than any other writings that we know of, and in a very clever way too, they have the singular merit of persuading the actors that they are profoundly clever. When a man or a woman has to say for a hundred consecutive nights a piece of flat English to which the situation gives points, and finds that the sympathetic audience always grins, giggles, or applauds the platitude, he or she, insensibly at least, becomes persuaded that the words contain a deep meaning, a recondite wit which escapes or is above the ordinary perception. Hence the author has a sort of doubly reflected fame. The merit which was at first denied him is forced upon the actor's mind, and by him by extra point upon the audience.

Born in June, 1839, at Newark-on-Trent, Nottinghamshire, Mr. Robertson came before the footlights by nature, for his father was a theatrical manager very well known in what some facetious persons and the theatrical profession generally will call "the Provinces." It is one of the virtues of the "profession" that it will persist in clothing small and miserable matters with large names. Notoriety is called "fame," a struggle for existence "unbounded success," a sparse audience "a crowded house," and a small English county, not much bigger than a Russian or American farm, one of the "Provinces." By thus carefully disguising the size of matters, these wise people keep up a constant illusion, and live happily though surrounded with squalor, degradation, and misery. Nothing is more deceptive, as indeed it should be so, than the theatre, and so thoroughly powerful is it in this way, that those who have once taken to it never waken from the dream. Did they do so they would be miserable, and like the man in Horace cry out,

> Pol! me occidistis amici
> Non servastis.

We may be sure that Mr. Robertson "took very kindly" to the stage, but of that we have little to say. He lived "more or less from his birth to 1860 as an actor," to quote a theatrical authority, but in 1860 he abandoned the stage for the career of literature. His first original production was a piece at the Olympic called *A Night's Adventure*, in 1851. In 1861 he produced a farce called *The Cantab*, at the Strand; in 1864, *David Garrick*, a play, from the French, at the Haymarket; in 1865, *Society*, first acted at Liverpool in May, was in November produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre; and in the same year he wrote the libretto of an opera, *Constance*. In 1866, his comedy of *Ours* was produced at the same London theatre, having been previously tried in Liverpool. In 1867, he wrote *Shadow Tree Shaft* for the Princess', *A Rapid Thaw* for the St. James's, and

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Caste at the Prince of Wales's, and wrote an entertainment for German Reed, called *A Dream of Venice*, and his comedy *For Love* was produced at the Holborn. His succeeding and very successful plays at the Prince of Wales's Theatre were *Play*, *School*, which ran for 381 nights, and his last and least, *M.P.* His intermediate and unsuccessful pieces were *Dreams*, at the Gaiety; the *Nightingale*, at the Adelphi; and a translation called *A Breach of Promise* at the Globe. Mr. Robertson has spent some time in Germany, and has married a lady born in that country, and has evidently studied with much advantage the French stage, from which he has adopted more than one incident. *School*, his most poetical and successful play, was adapted, rather than translated, from the German play *The Aschenbrödel*, but so skilfully has it been done that no trace of the original remains. An angry attack upon this unacknowledged adaptation in the *Times*, from a correspondent, was followed by an acute parallel of the two plays by Mr. John Oxenford, but Mr. Robertson himself very discreetly kept silence. It must be acknowledged that *School* is so very skilfully adapted that there is no proof of its German origin to be found in the piece itself. With the curious exception of having a male teacher, Mr. Krux, as an instructor of girls, which might be well accounted for if we suppose that the doctor kept a boys' and his wife a ladies' school, there are very few inconsistencies. The examination of a number of school girls for the delectation of an old beau and two young men, is unnatural and ridiculous in its untruth, but the play as a whole is so charming that we wisely follow Horace's rule, and forgive all its faults.

Let us, however, finish the "historical account" of our author. He has not flown at very high game in literature, but it is due to him to say that he very rightly, in one sense, despises the pompous assumption of the larger magazines and reviews. *London Society* is perhaps the most advanced magazine that he has contributed to; but previously to his great success as a dramatic writer he worked very hard as a journalist; he contributed to *Fun;* edited, with Mr. Hingston, the lecture of Artemus Ward; contributed to the *Savage Club Papers*, and wrote more than one truthful and pathetic story in the Christmas numbers of various magazines.

It is, however, especially as a dramatist that Mr. Robertson must be viewed, and curiously as a successful dramatist at *one* theatre. Never was the policy of getting a good working company, and of keeping it together, more thoroughly proved to be the right one. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre, under the management of Mrs. Bancroft, and with the London company managed by Mr. Frederick Younge, there is absolutely nothing to be desired. So well do the actors and actresses enter into the parts played, that each one seems to have been born for the character. Mrs. Bancroft (Marie Wilton), her husband, and Mr. Hare, act so well that all trace of acting disappears. The style is simply that of the drawing-room; the theatre is so small and yet so elegant that it *looks* like a drawing-room; the actors and actresses like ladies and gentlemen indulging in very pointed conversation. And, wondrous to relate, when we repeat that very pointed conversation the next day, it is dull and pointless; yet so well is it given by the company, so thoroughly is every cue taken up, that what is actually dull enough to be real conversation becomes burnished and glows with theatric polish on the stage. And this fact will account for the failure of all, or nearly all, of Mr. Robertson's pieces when produced at any other theatre but that in Tottenham Street. Look, for instance, at the fate of *A Rapid Thaw*, *Shadow-tree Shaft*, *For Love*, *Dreams*, *A Breach of Promise*, and the *Nightingale*, produced at other theatres, compared with that of *Society*, *Ours*, *Caste*, *Play*, *School*, and *M.P.*, produced by Miss Marie Wilton. The suggestion which carries with it an accusation of dishonesty, namely, that the author keeps all his best pieces for his favourite theatre, is untrue. *Dreams*, for instance, played at Marie Wilton's theatre would have run as long as *School*. The fact is that one company in London knows how to appreciate and to play Mr. Robertson's works, and the others do not, and this is proved by the actual dulness of the dialogue in reading, which on the stage appears so brilliant.

Happily for his reputation our playwright has published few plays. We can therefore only quote from *Society* and from *M.P.*, the first from a printed copy, the second from our own notes.

Maud.—To give up all his fortune, to ruin his bright prospects, to keep unsullied the honour of his brother's name was an act—

Lady Ptarmigan.—Of a noodle! And now he hasn't a penny but what he gets by scribbling—a pretty pass for a man of family to come to. You are my niece, and it is my solemn duty to get you married if I can. Don't thwart me and I will. Leave sentiment to servant wenches who sweetheart policemen, its unworthy of a lady. I've a man in my eye—I mean a rich one—young Chodd.

Maud (with repugnance).—Such a common-place person.

Lady P.—With a very uncommon-place purse. He will have eighteen thousand a year. I have desired him to pay you court, and I desire you to receive it.

Maud.—He is so vulgar.

Lady P.—He is so rich. When he is your husband put him in a back study, and don't show him.

Maud.—But I detest him.

Lady P.—What on earth has that to do with it? You wouldn't love a man before you were married to him, would you? Where are your principles? Ask my lord how I treated him before our marriage *(hitting Lord P. with her fan)*. Ferdinand!

Lord P. (awaking.)—My love!

Lady P.—Do keep awake.

Lord P.—'Pon my word you were making such a noise I thought I was in the House of Commons. *(With fond regret.)* I used to be allowed to sleep so comfortably there.

Lady P.—Are you not of opinion that a match between Mr. Chodd and Maud would be most desirable.

Lord P. (looking at Lady P.)—Am I not of opinion—my opinion—what is my opinion?

Lady P. (hitting him with fan.)—Yes, of course.

Lord P.—Yes—of course—my opinion is yes, of course. *(Aside.)* Just as it used to be in the House. I always woke in time to vote as I was told to.

Maud.—But, uncle, one can't purchase happiness at shops in packets, like bon-bons. A thousand yards of lace cost so much, they can be got at the milliners; but an hour of love or repose can only be had for love.

This is very ordinary dialogue; comparison between that and the dialogue of Congreve or of Sheridan, or descending lower, of Goldsmith, Vanbrugh, or Wycherley, would not hold for a moment, yet as given by Miss Wilton, Mrs. Buckingham White, and Mr. Hare, it bristled with point, and sparkled like cut glass under the lime light—that is, it looked very much like diamonds. Again, take the following *morceaux* from *M.P.*, each of which brought down a torrent of applause, on the first night, and ask whether it is very exhilarating? Talbot Piers (Bancroft) is accepted and also beloved by Cecilia Dunscombe (Marie Wilton), and urges the force of the marriage vow of the woman to "honour and obey" the man. "Oh," says Cecilia, archly, "that's a mere form," at which the audience laughed heartily. Chudleigh Dunscombe (Mr. Coghlan) gives vent to the Platonic sentence, "Nature could not put bad thoughts into so beautiful a *skin*," and is rewarded by a round of applause for so transparent an untruth; and Isaac Skoome, a low-born manufacturer who has made money, brags that "he worked hard, and Providence has done its duty," *i.e.*, had enriched him, upon which the house is in ecstacies! But not more so than when Dunscombe (Hare) calls him "a ready-made man," instead of a self-made man, or Chudleigh Dunscombe tells him to "take

away his *metallic* hand." Metallic is a favourite epithet of Robertson, and is used once or twice in *Society* and in *Play*. It must again be insisted on that these "points" being well placed and led up to are very effective—on the stage.

To conclude, Mr. Robertson is the dramatist of the age, and reflects the artificial manners of society. He has no depth, little pathos, small humour; but he knows his business and his audience, his time, stage, and actors thoroughly. Well mounted his pieces have a freshness, a cleverness, and a charm which belongs to a fine piece of art *a la* Watteau, or in Dresden or Sevres china. *School* has even more; it has the effect of the prettiest little idyll on the stage, but we must not compare its idyllic force with that of *As You Like It*, but rather with that of one of those old English operas, *Love in a Village*, or *The Mountain Sylph*, now too seldom acted. Robertson has not high art nor high feeling, but he very successfully assumes a tone of high breeding and well-bred cynicism, His pieces are not highly moral, but they are not immoral, and are quite up to the morality of the age. He has been accused of sneering at everything: this he does not do, he only sneers at what he and society does not believe in. He is exceedingly artificial, but then so are the times; he appreciates Tennyson, whom he quotes; he is at any rate on the side of virtue and of manliness so far as that is consistent with kid gloves and an evening dress. He dares to satirize what is weak and foolish in John Stuart Mill, and to give a wholesome opinion of the silly burlesques which are vitiating the taste of society. Perhaps less than any one does he believe in the decline of the Drama, and yet the success of his pieces, which are after all as good as any now written, is the greatest proof of the depth of our degradation, and still a hopeful sign that the public is ready to appreciate what is true, modest, manly, and picturesque, and would rise to what is noble and poetical, if we could find a dramatist with sufficient skill and courage to write, and a company with sufficient learning and education to act it.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS ON 'CHANGE.

III.

THE art of making money, although the most universally practised of any science in this country, is a faculty possessed only by a few. We do not include in the successful devoteés of this profession the man who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth and has a fortune or moderate competence to start with. He has only to stand aside, spend little, and do nothing; time will do the rest. The difficult matter is the conversion of the wooden ladle into the silver spoon, the making of a silk purse out of the proverbial sow's ear. Our money-maker, *nascitur non fit*, like the poet, the painter, and the musician. Notwithstanding the fierce and hackneyed denunciations which we hear to the contrary, the accumulation of money is an honourable and commendable pursuit; only the abuse of it is to be condemned. Our Exchange furnishes some instances of successful money-makers, and innumerable specimens of the reverse. If the greater part of the subscribers, who are not originally possessed of the silver spoon, manage to obtain the wherewithal to fill the wooden ladle with daily sustenance for themselves, their wives, and their children, it is about as much as they can do. What with competition, struggling, overreaching, lying, cheating, plundering, and dodging, the art of money making seldom gets beyond a sort of general scramble and scrimmage, and like a cotemporary science, at the present time in low water and under a cloud, it may be designated as "the noble art of self-defence."

Money is made in various ways—by grubbing, by grabbing, by miserly saving and-semi-starvation, by indomitable energy and untiring perseverance, by a natural gift of shrewd judgment, accompanied by self-confidence, by pluck and nerve, by a liberal and all-pervading honesty, and by what we may, for want of a better term, call good luck. We have encountered men who have accumulated fortunes in many of these ways. Some men seem to make money as if they really could not help it. Sovereigns stick to them, as burs do to any object with which they come in contact. We knew a large manufacturer not far from this town who made a very large fortune, and yet he seldom rose before mid-day and was indolent to a degree. His nerves, however, and his judgment were good, and his speculations were "lucky." On the other hand we have known numerous instances of men who worked like Trojans from early dawn until bed-time, and never could make a farthing. A large spinner and manufacturer once told us that he really had no idea what money his firm had either made or lost. All he knew was this, that whereas ten years previously he had only one cotton mill, he now had three large ones, full of new machinery and all paid for. Another singular instance recurs to our memory, that of a man of enormous wealth, who told us that in the business by which he had laid the foundations of his fortune and made a great deal of money, he had never kept any books, excepting an order book, a day book, and his banker's pass book. Don't let any youthful aspirant after a large fortune imagine that we are advocating indolence or a neglect of the details of management. No such thing; these habits, unaccompanied by rare and necessary qualities of brain, are impediments to money making, just as fussy, indiscriminate, aimless habits of industry are of little avail in the pursuit of wealth. One thing is quite clear, some men have the faculty for making money, and keeping it, and that without any great apparent effort on their part, and we verily believe that if they were handicapped at the start, with a considerable sum of money to their debit, they would not only make up the deficiency, but come in at the winning post considerably in advance of their less fortunate competitors. A sanguine temperament, duly under control, is necessary to a successful money-maker. In a rising market, he "plunges with a vengeance, and rakes in the dollars and doubloons in heaps. His sanguineness, however, sometimes lands him in the mud, for it is rarely, and we rather think fortunately, that a man can be found who knows exactly the time to "double and go in for the fall."

In the following up of commercial pursuits, like any other chase, a great deal of self-reliance, confidence, and "knowledge of the country" is necessary before the quarry can be bagged. In the various covers, hunting pastures, and fences known as the Exchange Country, there is ample room for the prowess of the commercial sportsmen, and it is interesting and amusing to see the variety of their styles. Some merchants will get through a very large business in the quietest manner, with due despatch and without the slightest fuss. Others, like too eager horses, are always rushing headlong at their fences, frequently swerving at the critical moment, or getting over with a prodigious splutter, and cackling afterwards like a hen which has just laid an egg.

Man is a creature of habit, and, like the cat, he becomes attached to a locality, does the same thing at the same time each day, and, like that animal, basks on the same spot diurnally. George Eliot remarks that a certain amount of gratification is afforded us by a repetition of custom and the handling of a familiar implement. Men become attached to their walking sticks, their pipes, snuff boxes, and other articles in daily use. For a similar reason, we suppose it is, that many habitueès of the Exchange become permanently addicted to many little traits and habits, more or less whimsical. Some merchants and buyers come on 'Change without memoranda or notes of any kind, but with a variety of complex orders in their heads, which they give out without hesitation, and enter them when they return to their offices. A well known merchant of this city, now retired, who bore a considerable resemblance to the late Professor Wilson, with his greyish flaxen flowing locks, but with this difference, that whereas "Christopher" was an extraordinary pedestrian, Mercator was more remarkable for riding fast-trotting roadsters along the Didsbury Road—well, this gentleman was in the habit of carrying all his business in his head, and it is recorded of him that he never made a mistake about an order but once, and if the seller had not had it down in black and white he would have given way at once, so convinced was he of Mercator's exactness. We have known similar instances of selling agents, who were in the habit of attending the country yarn markets, who would get through a very large business with many varieties of detail during the day, and never put pen or pencil to paper until they returned home at night. On the other hand, some parties are never to be seen without notes, memoranda of some kind, and pencils in their

hands. Some prefer books, tablets, and fancy pencil cases, while others adhere to the backs of old letters, telegrams, and "Relevines," or the stumps of black-lead pencils. Some attach themselves to their particular pillars, and there stand at the receipt of custom, while others roam about the room in search of whom they may devour. Some men cannot enjoy their dinner at their clubs unless they sit on the same chair and at the same table each day, and so it is, with many Exchange subscribers, they must have their habitual spot or corner, where they are not banged about in the crowd, and where they can transact their business in peace.

The influx of foreigners of late years has made a wonderful difference in commercial manners and customs. Thirty years since, a man of business seen smoking a cigar on the street at mid-day would have been set down as a very rash person. Now, it is no unusual thing to see men smoking cigars, and even short pipes, at any hour and in any thoroughfare. We do not say it is an improvement, but the habit is not one which now utterly ruins them in their bankers' estimation, any more than wearing beards, fancy hats, or shooting coats, does. But then you see, Messieurs, it is all the force of habit. We knew a wealthy man who lunched every day at the same hour, at a particular pillar, upon two sandwiches which he took from a tin box, and a late millionaire bought a penny bun daily at the same time from a stall in Smithy-door Market. One man will leave the room at one o'clock, and, with unwashed hands, dine upon a large rump steak and fried onions, washed down with a pint of stout, and feel a satisfactory glow of repletion afterwards, while another will fast until seven o'clock p.m., and then, making broad his phylacteries and getting himself up in full evening costume, he will dine with the wife of his bosom upon a morsel of haricot mutton, and pharisaically congratulate himself that he is "not as that publican."

DEBONAIR;

OR THE LATEST NOVELTY.

By the Rt. Hon. B—— D——.

"WE are but the shadows of dead Substances," said Debonair, carelessly picking his patrician teeth with a section of a cedar of Lebanon, for he had just taken a sufficient luncheon of a thousand ortolans, and had washed them down, as was his wont, with a bumping beaker of Imperial Tokay.

"And yet," replied Clara de Vere, "all the wise men have not yet arrived from the East."

A shade passed over the handsome eyes of Julius as the lady spoke, and he seemed to gaze far into the future as he remarked—"No! the wise men have not all arrived; they are not yet all here. Two great Irishmen still remain behind—Raphael Enigma and the Shillelagh-Don, but they will be here anon. Learn to wait, to pray, and, above all, to fast!" (The ortolans were yet in the ascendant as the last ascetic verb was pronounced.)

This conversation took place in a shining oriel at Bugaboo Castle—one of the many ancestral seats of the Debonairs. Bugaboo had been hewn from the saddle-bow of a rebel during the wars in the Palatinate, and part of the saddle-bow might still be seen hanging in the castle hall at that moment.

Julius Debonair was just twenty-one. He had the attenuated calves of his race, the thews and sinews of which were proverbial. He excelled in all manly exercises, particularly the harpsichord. Croquet, the use of the globes, and lansquenet were to him as familiar as Arabic to Max Müller; they came naturally, for his mother was of the blood of the Emirs of Zenobia. And yet this gifted creature was sad. Sad, because the Flag of the Keys waved over the Vatican, sad because Giuseppe Garibaldi was rheumatic. Debonair could not reconcile the Two, and therefore he was sad.

"We are but the shadows of dead Substances," he commenced again, listlessly moving round and round on his middle finger one of the younger Koh-i-noors that was blazing there.

The Lady Clara watched him with her dove-like eyes, and spake thus: "The bell of the acolyte and the call of the Muezzin have a common source—the Invisible in Man and the Imperceptible in Woman. The chief demands of the Age are an Agrarian Church and Ecclesiastical Crime."

"And we had both," replied Debonair, "when the genius of the people was free, and when hostile tariffs were not at the mercy of free imports; when the Household was the Unit of a sinister career, and when Revolution was its own Nemesis. At that time the Saxon Catholic confronted the Wesleyan Zouave.

There was a basilisk glare in the eye of the provincial Satrap as he spoke, which warned the Lady Clara that the Pookah or madness of his race was upon him, and that he was then busily engaged in quartering himself upon his own thoughts. She made a gesture of departure, but, divining her thoughts as by intuition, he laid a hand of corrugated iron upon her wrist, producing instantaneously a blue rim as of a handcuff, and, pointing to three counties—his own property—which were visible from the shining oriel, said: "One of them is yours, but I never can be. We differ as to the Illimitable, but, in order that there may be no unpleasantness, take Herefordshire.

She smiled with a melancholy smile, but did not seem to care much for the offer. The Duke, her father, was an extremely wealthy person, the head of the Macfadyens.

Clara had scarcely gone out of the room when the Prime Minister entered it. He was perspiring freely, and took the opportunity of wiping his forehead with the Great Seal, which he had borrowed from the Lord Chancellor to read on his way down. He had come to offer the Secretaryship of India to Julius. "My dear friend," said his lordship, "I knew if I had merely written to you that you would have been too indolent to reply. What to you can be Agra, Lahore, Benares, and let me add also, Samarcand? But you really must join us. The government is tottering, and H—— M—— insists."

"Lord Pertinax," said Debonair, "the ring of the factions is the rope of the Church. Acclimatize the Visual and paraphrase the Suffrage and I am yours."

"It shall be done," said the Premier; and taking a cypher out of his pocket he telegraphed to the *Gazette* that Julius Debonair would shortly kiss hands as Secretary for India, and that Raphael Enigma would be Governor General.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MANCHESTER AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE one hnndred and second exhibition of the Royal Academy was opened on Monday. Of the twelve hundred works shown, about thirty have been contributed by Lancashire, and chiefly by Manchester artists. Among these are two (architectural) drawings of the Prince's Theatre, as altered, enlarged, and redecorated by Mr. Alfred Darbyshire; a view of the Reform Club now being erected in Manchester, from the designs of Messrs. Salomons and Jones; and a drawing of St. Matthew's Church, Blackmoor, designed by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse. The pictures exhibited are as follows:—

The After-Glow	H. C. Whaite.
Mountain Stream, Aber	J. Taylor.
Baiting the Lines	A. H. Marsh.
On the River Conway	J. W. Whittaker.
Near Festiniog, North Wales	Do.
Boachil Etive, Head of Glencoe	C. E. Johnson.
Crossing the Bridge	Do.
Old Bridge near Rowsley	John Thomson.
Capri	Edward Binyon.
Dido	R. Crozier.
Nearing Home	J. Lamont Brodie.
Scene in the Bombay Cotton Market	Howarth Ashton.
Moonlight on the Sea	C. A. Duval.
The Song of the Shirt	W. J. Müekley.
La Fileuse Bretagne	Joseph Knight.
Fairy Tales	Do.
Birker Moor, Cumberland	T. Collier.
Summer time on the Cumberland Fells	Do.
Evening after Rain: Harter Fell, Westmoreland	Do.
A Cattle Path on the Greta	A. Powell.
Mullins Bay, Cornwall	J. Whaite.
At Vespers	J. Wake.
Portrait of Mr. J. Boutflower	H. Measham.
Portrait of Mr. G. C. Baskett	William Percy.
Poppies	Thomas Armstrong.

The subscription portrait of Sir Joseph Heron, painted by Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A., is hung in the third gallery, and the portrait of the

Marchioness of Huntley (*nee* Miss Cunliffe Brooks), for which Mr. J. E. Millais, R.A., is said to have received £2,000, is one of the features of the Exhibition.

OWENS COLLEGE, AND YOUNG PERSONS OF THE FEMALE SEX.

Our readers know, we heartily go in for "women's rights," but if that sacred cause is to be fought by argument, the reasoning must be better than a specimen contained in the third number of a periodical rejoicing in the appellation of the *Manchester National Society for Women's Suffrage Journal*. (Was ever such a title in this world before?) This unique publication cites as an instance of the careless way in which women are set aside, the striking out of the clause in the Owens College Extension Bill admitting girls to that institution, at the instance of the counsel for the founder's representatives, in committee of the Lords. With a thoroughly feminine perversity, the *Journal*—"edited by Lydia E. Becker"—after stating that the college's foundation was expressly limited to "young persons of the male sex," quotes as arguments against the Lords, the fact that the subscribers, the professors, and the girls themselves all wish for the admission of the latter, yet never uses as an argument upon the other side the infinitely stronger fact it previously mentions—namely, that the man who founded the whole thing particularly stipulated to the opposite effect. The wish of a subscriber is to be consulted (because it is in favour of the women): the wish of the founder is to be disregarded (because it is adverse to them). And because the Lords don't take this impartial view of matters, they are charged with carelessly setting aside women. The young persons of the female sex who write in the *Manchester National Society for Women's Suffrage Journal* ought to cure themselves of this lop-sided style of argument. They have to learn that dead men have their rights as well as live women. But we suppose that, like most other people, women care for nobody's rights but their own.

"CASTE" AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

Writing of *Caste* last year, on the occasion of the first visit of Mr. Younge's company to Manchester, we cited two reasons why it will always be the most popular of the plays that Mr. Robertson had then written. One of these is the merit of its powerful appeal to the feelings of its audience, the other the de-merit of being almost entirely devoid of cynicism. Despite its immaturity, the slightness of its plot, and a certain faultiness of construction, especially in the last act, it seizes the popular sympathies and retains them throughout by its varied human interest and pathetic power. For Mr. Younge's company *Caste* has this additional advantage, that whilst all the members of it have parts well suited to their powers, four of them—Miss Dyas and Miss Brunton, Mr. Ray and Mr. Canninge—are seen to greater advantage than in *School*. Miss Dyas's Esther, especially, is a remarkably fine performance. Mr. Robertson's *Play* is announced for next week, and with it Mr. Younge will bring his successful engagement to a close.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has at length returned to its senses. After wasting its substance in reckless profusion of cream-coloured paper and small type, it has announced its intention of returning to its original size and mission as a handsome, handy, evening paper. Whatever possessed it to transform itself into the overgrown monster into which it recently developed, is known only to itself. If it was sowing a sort of journalistic wild oats, let us hope that it has now disposed of the whole lot, and that it will settle down into its proper groove. If its recent aggrandized dimensions are to be regarded as a species of dropsical complaint, the public jubilation should be greater still; as, in that case, its collapse to its original condition would seem to indicate the happy exhaustion of that watery matter with which its recent articles have been too copiously diluted. The present is a good opportunity for forgiving the *Pall Mall* its numerous sins, and wishing it a long and prosperous career in a position where it really fills a void and satisfies most amply a genuine want of the public.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

In racing matters Mr. James Merry, M.P. for the Falkirk Burghs, may be considered at once as one of the luckiest and most unfortunate of men. Some one in an evil moment condoled with the late Lord Glasgow on his ill-luck, whereupon that eccentric nobleman scratched his head after his wont, and snappishly remarked that he did not see why he should be considered unlucky when he was in the receipt of £90,000 a year. For much the same reason we should not care to condole with Mr. Merry, although sporting writers have been whimpering over him for years. What is his racing career with regard to the great three-year-old races? He has now won the Two Thousand Guineas for the second time with a "dark" horse, Macgregor, having won it previously in 1855 with Lord of the Isles. In 1865, he was third with Liddington; in 1867, third with Marksman; and in 1869, second with Belladrum. In the Derby his success has been quite as remarkable. In 1855, he was third with Lord of the Isles; in 1860, first with Thormanby; in 1861, second with Dundee; in 1862, third with Buckstone; in 1864, third with Scottish Chief; in 1867, second with Marksman; and now with Macgregor he has every chance of winning the Derby, as well as the guineas, a feat which the horse's sire Macaroni accomplished in 1863. In addition to these triumphs, Mr. Merry won the great St. Leger in 1858 with Sunbeam, and in 1862, ran second with Buckstone.

THE BROUGHTON CRICKET CLUB.

This club re-opened their ground for the season on Saturday last, but owing to the unpropitious state of the weather no match was played. The ground is in excellent order. Hickton is again the professional bowler. There are twenty-two matches down on the card to be played during the season. On the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, the club will play the United South of England Eleven, in which are included some of the best professional cricketers in the Southern counties. On July 8th and 9th, the B. C. C. plays the Manchester Cricket Club at Broughton, and on the 19th and 20th of August, the return match between the same clubs takes place at Old Trafford. This is the most interesting local match of the season, as there is a keen and honourable rivalry between the two clubs, and both sides are bound to put forth all their powers. We sincerely hope that the delays of past seasons will be avoided, and that the game may be played out on both grounds. The bowling green connected with the Broughton Club, which affords an agreeable resort of middle-aged fogies and superannuated batsmen, is in superb order, and does the greatest credit to Mather, the ground-keeper. During a period extending over ten years, the B. C. C. bowlers have only lost one home-and-home match, in the first or second year of their existence, when they were defeated by the Tattersall's Club, at Old Trafford.

THE CITY COUNCIL AND THE LADIES.

"OF old sat Freedom on the heights," and by way of imitating the antique goddess we occupied a seat on the heights of the gallery in the Manchester Council Chamber on Wednesday last, in company with a bevy of (more or less) fair women, where the antique decidedly prevailed over the goddess element. The occasion was such that Mr. Alderman Bennett was expected to present a petition for the Council's acceptance to the Commons House of Parliament (isn't that the correct Odgerism?) in favour of what John Knox termed the monstrous regiment of women, nowadays appearing as the female suffrage question.

A clerk in front of the Mayor began the business of the morning by reading what were said to be minutes of the different committees. He was evidently chosen for his great powers of expressing himself unintelligibly, and he certainly justified his choice. Notwithstanding his rapidity, the operation seemed to last interminably, and we sang—*sotto voce*, of course—

Rowbotham, row, the time flies past,
The ladies are here, and the seats fill fast.

But the red-bound books began to lessen perceptibly, and in such proportion the ladies began to fill the front row of seats reserved for them, and overflowed into the second row, to the amusement of the Council on the floor below. Many entered the Chamber serenely unconscious of the divine element above, and, on paying their respects to His Worship, were quickly made acquainted with the cynosure of neigh-

bouring eyes that rained influence. Our old friend Alderman Blumenrock, ever true in his devotion to Flora, was as resplendent as to his button-hole as usual, and having had his attention directed to the gallery, smiled and chuckled, we didn't actually see him wink, and was generally quite what we believe the ladies call a "naughty man." He very considerately wore his hat during all the mere dry, tedious, business part of the meeting, and it was a very good hat too, but it didn't quite make up for the absence of the Town Clerk and his hat. That symbol of Geslerism was probably with its owner in the cool grot of some parliamentary committee room, listening to the waterfall stories of the Ashton and Oldham people, who appear to be anxious to have little wood-heads of their own. So Mr. Deputy Talbot reigned in his stead. He looked almost more miserably anxious than usual, and his hair was as distressed as ever. It's a pity he couldn't wear *his* hat, but being only a sort of lieutenant and not a Red Cross, nor even a Cross Street Knight, that wouldn't be allowed.

At length the noble form of Mr. Alderman Bennett upreared itself, and moved a petition to parliament in favour of the bill that was to come on for the second reading that night. His argument was that, as what he called "females" had already the municipal franchise, they ought to have the next better thing—the parliamentary ditto. And that, as at the last municipal election no more than one in seven took advantage of it, it was, as Mr. Toots was accustomed to observe, of no consequence; and as the ladies had asked for the extended franchise they had better have it, for he couldn't conceive of any argument why they shouldn't. It appeared to us that it lay upon him to prove the affirmative of the issue before he defied anyone to prove the negative, but there was a sad want of dialectics about the whole debate. Him following, rose Mr. Frederick Cooper, and spoke, as it were, by the card, seconding the motion in a lengthy speech, in which all that Alderman Bennett had said was repeated, in ungraceful varieties of language, about three times over. Mr. Cooper is evidently under the impression that he is rather a good speaker than otherwise. We vote for otherwise.

Mr. Alderman Lamb moved an amendment in opposition, on the ground that the matter was a political one, with which a Town Council had nothing to do. Moreover that St. Paul had said that women should be keepers at home and be in subjection, and of the two apostles he preferred Paul to Bennett, and seemed generally disposed, though for no want of gallantry on his part, to object on principle to hens crowing. Mr. Alderman Rumney, who cultivates a sort of House of Commons official style, deprecated the Scriptural argument, on the ground that if "Pole," as he called St. Paul, had lived in these enlightened days, he would have written very differently about women, which we thought very probable. Mr. Harwood approved of woman generally as an excellent institution. She was all his fancy'd painted her. In fact, his mother was a woman, and therefore all the little dears should have votes. Mr. Alderman Grundy "had not intended to take any part in the discussion, but," &c.; and, after announcing his intention to vote for the motion, he confessed he was not very much in love with it, and proceeded to argue very solidly against it. As to the argument of the mover and seconder that, after all, only one in seven or so would vote, and so very little change would be really made, it reminded him of a story—and so forth—and here, with his back to the gallery and having, therefore, no fear of the ladies before his eyes, he actually related the tale of the servant girl who had had a "misfortune" and excused herself on the ground that the baby was "such a very little one." Of course, the Council roared lustily, as they did, naughty men, at any little *double entendre*, unintended, of course, or where one was suspected, and at these latter the fair spectators laughed readily enough too. But this story was a little too much. Every jaw in the gallery was fixed and brows were set as stiff as drums, in stern reprobation of the outrage, for such it was to them, while to the Council itself it was innocent enough, and the most telling reply to the one-in-seven argument that could be conceived.

On a division twelve members of the Council stood firm against feminine blandishments, but they were hopelessly beaten. The ladies kept tolerably quiet all the time. They applauded their doughty champion at the conclusion of his speech, and a shrill voice was occasionally heard in conversation with a fair neighbour; but they behaved very well, considering. But they were, with few exceptions, a queer looking lot. Miss Becker was in London, but a pretty sister of hers filled her place well, and a young lady with a complexion blonde cendrée, and a sweetly pretty white chip bonnet, sat next her. The rest were such people as one sees in omnibuses on a Saturday morning, or their portraits in cheap photographic sheds, as in Portland Street or Bank Top. Old bonnets of dark brown or black velvet, with tags and ends of black lace and bits of ribbon of a "renovated" aspect, were in the ascendant, with fur neckties and alpaca umbrellas; and Berlin wool bags or satchels, of the flat square shape they used to make about 1840, were much affected. Very worthy people, no doubt, but, if one may judge from their physiognomy, scarcely competent judges of a vexed question in politics.

Should the Women's Disabilities Bill fare as well in the Lords as it has done in the Commons, there is no reason why the next steps should not be a staircase from the Ladies' Gallery to the floor of the House or the seats of the Treasury bench. Meetings in the tea-room would then become unobjectionable surely. Meantime women might try their 'prentice hands in a town council, or insist, in spite of the classics, on having a women's *conscia recti*.

EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

2.—MODERN PAINTERS.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., is represented at the Royal Institution by thirteen drawings, which include admirable examples of all his various styles. First, Waltham Cross (412) is an early drawing, more tinted than coloured, carefully drawn, and the architectural forms well expressed, but certainly giving no promise of the noble work to be achieved hereafter. Then come in order: the Falls of the Clyde (82), and Edinburgh (91), painted in Turner's most popular manner, for they are free from that conventional tree-drawing and artificial composition that had hitherto prevailed and which many find so difficult to like. At the same time they offer no difficulties to comprehension in the shape of eccentric colouring or peculiar effect. They are simple in design, exquisite in drawing, and sober and harmonious in colour. Certainly a waterfall has never been so painted as in the first of these pictures. Turner has often been abused for his figures; the semi-classical group in the Falls of the Clyde is, however, a complete answer to the charge that Turner could not draw figures. Dover from the Sea (70), is again of a later and perhaps his best style. Utterly original in composition, in a very high key of colour, and remarkably perfect in manipulation, it stands alone, as a picture not likely soon to be equalled and hardly ever to be surpassed. Of the others, all are interesting in one way or another. Stonehenge (80) is a charming sepia study, and Cowes (79) only second to the Dover drawing. Like all painters Turner is unequal, and Cologne (78) though very luminous, is less satisfactory in colour than the rest. So is Virginia Water (95) which looks somewhat faded; but in both drawings the water is painted as only Turner could. The Field of Waterloo (96) is an admirable description in colour of an earthquake and Vesuvius in eruption.

Præ-Raphaelism cannot be said to be represented in this exhibition. There is only one sketch by Mr. Burne Jones, the First Marriage (89). The colour is delightful, and, slight as it is, it contains all the seriousness of thought invariably existing in his work. It is a pity that there are not more of this artist's drawings here. They are very seldom to be seen publicly out of London, and consequently are not known as well as they deserve, for whatever differences of opinion there may be with regard to the *intention* of his pictures, he is the greatest colourist we have now. Were one or two of his most important drawings now in the Royal Institution, it would not be impossible to show that he is one of the greatest artists in every way. The only other Præ-Raphaelite picture is Requiescat in Pace (250), by Mr. A. B. Donaldson, which, except for a certain magnificence of colour, is rather a failure. It is an unpleasant subject, and the mediævalism is exaggerated. Mr. Donaldson has exhibited much better work before in Manchester; perhaps this one has been painted some time ago.

From a picture which, though not a success, shows a striving in the right direction, to one in which the striving is in the utterly wrong

direction, and, as such is a complete triumph, seems a long jump; but we find a specimen of the latter kind in the first room, viz., Faust and Marguerite (13) by Mr. J. Absolon. Without wishing unduly to compliment Mr. Absolon, we must admit that, to paint a picture even of this kind, requires a certain amount of talent, and therefore we can only suppose that this and similar pictures find admirers and purchasers, or they would never be painted at all. Mr. Absolon must know better; and therefore we wish to protest against such prostitution of talent, even if it be but such as Mr. Absolon possesses. There is not a redeeming quality in Faust and Marguerite, and it should never have been hung.

It is hard to say whether Mr. E. M. Ward, R. A.'s, oil pictures or water-colour drawings are most objectionable. Perhaps the oil paintings may have the palm. The drawing of a remarkably sulky-looking girl having her hair cut, and called Charlotte Corday, is a fair example of that clean, polished, and meretricious style of painting Mr. Ward seems to affect.

One drawing only is exhibited by Mr. E. J. Poynter, A.R.A.—Joseph Sold by His Brethren (316). It is a small picture of that old Eastern life, the reproducing of which Mr. Poynter has made his speciality. The figures are crowded yet well grouped, and are of course admirable in drawing and character, while the colour is pleasing though in a peculiar key.

Another well known painter represented by two large pictures, is Mr. J. F. Lewis, R.A., and the subjects are Italian and Spanish, respectively; Spanish Festa (214), and Easter Day at Rome (14). They are very much alike, both showing great cleverness and power, but are confused in composition and colour, and slight in parts even to carelessness. In the Easter Day drawing, too, there is an unpleasant metallic quality throughout.

William Hunt's drawings must be known too well to require much description. It will be sufficient to mention The Orphans (105) as one of the finest drawings in the exhibition. There is a masculine power in the painting, and a simplicity of treatment that is unrivalled, and through all a certain charming pathos of expression that is seldom achieved with such simple material. The Connoisseur (326) is a small lamp-light drawing, full of humour and beauty of colour.

Somewhat like in style of work to Hunt is Mr. F. Walker, though, as shown in the Fisherman and Boy (112), his painting is hesitating and broken, so much so as sometimes to have a look of rottenness. No doubt great variety of colour is gained by Mr. Walker's mode of work, but in some of his pictures it is carried too far, and difference of texture almost lost. The faces of the fisherman and the boy are most admirable, and, as is always the case with Mr. Walker, there is great grace in the arrangement of the figures. Bee Hives (359) was recently exhibited elsewhere in Manchester. It is strong in colour and beautifully drawn. A Study of a Head (339), by Mr. F. J. Shields, is a very ably drawn life-size study in red chalk; and A Stone in the Boot (341), a gracefully composed picture of two young girls in a lane, is most carefully painted and in a very original key of colour. One of our Bread Watchers (355) must be well known if only for its pathetic story.

If the two sketches by H. Liverseege are at all representative, it is a wonder how he attained the certain kind of reputation he did. It is not too much to say that there is nothing to speak of either in Popping the Question (233), or The Falconer (287).

Modern Landscape is not strong, or else what there is is overshadowed by the greater power of the elder painters. Of the moderns the most original is Mr. A. P. Newton, whose Autumnal Evening (7) is very powerful, though rather noisy in colour. The same may be said of Sunshine and Showers (32), which is excellently well painted, though rainbows are never quite satisfactory in a picture. Mr. George Fripp is one of the few water-colour landscape painters who retains something of the sobriety and seriousness of the old school. There is a calm serenity about his Ullswater (256) that is very rare.

In Mr. Basil Bradley's two drawings, a Farm Yard (27) and Highland Cattle (200), the animals are, as always with him, admirably drawn and understood; but there is an unfortunate yellow tone over the first, giving the impression of looking through a stained glass, that might well be avoided. The other drawing is far superior in point of colour. Mr. H. B. Willis's Repose—Cattle (197) is hung next the last-mentioned drawing by Mr. Bradley, and suffers severely by the contrast. It seems over smoothly polished in painting, and the cattle are not so certainly drawn as in the Highland Cattle picture.

There is a class of painters who seem to have painted as well or as badly as at present for many years. We see their pictures season after season, and find them but variations of the theme we have learnt off by heart and are tolerably weary of. Of such are Messrs. Cattermole, F. Tayler, Birket Foster, Topham, Whittaker, and Sam Bough. We do not say that their drawings are not in many cases very good, but they seem never to have anything new to tell us. Moreover, after having several times painted a certain kind of subject in a certain way, there is small trouble expended in continuing to reproduce these same subjects, and small credit due to the artist for so reproducing them. It is superfluous to criticise the works by these gentlemen in the present exhibition. Everybody who goes to picture galleries will have seen them before, or something very like them, and in no case are they of any great or special excellence.

Several of our local artists are represented: Mr. G. Sheffield, by a large Constablesque drawing, The Lock (428), which is very powerful and effective, and the River Irwell (58), a very beautiful picture, full of grace and poetry. Where abouts on the Irwell is it? It might be well to know. There is also a very considerable and intensely strong picture by Mr. Joseph Knight, Low Tide (394). And lastly, one portrait (357) by Mr. W. Percy, painted in that large manly style that seems peculiar to him as a painter of portraits in water colours.

THE *MATRIMONIAL NEWS.*

Each in our own strict line we move,
And some find death ere they find love:
So far apart our lives are thrown
From the twin life that halves our own.

SO says Matthew Arnold; and so, too, says the editor of the *Matrimonial News and General Advertiser*, though in somewhat different language, especially in the substitution of "marriage" for "love"—two things by no means identical in practice, whatever they may be in theory; in proof of which heartless statement we beg to refer our readers to the letters which have recently appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* from aggrieved husbands and neglected wives. But, while Matthew Arnold, poet-like, "idealizes the real," our editor "realizes the ideal," in a most practical, matter-of-fact way, and proceeds at once to remedy this melancholy state of things. The *Matrimonial News* professes to be a "weekly journal devoted to the promotion of marriage and conjugal felicity." Its first number appeared on April 9, 1870, and opens with an "Address to the Public," stating its *raison d' être*, which may be summarized to the following effect:—(1) The honourable estate of Matrimony ought to have a journal specially devoted to it:—(2) Civilization, combined with the cold formalities of society and the rules of etiquette," put so many hindrances in the way of marriage, and prevent so many "thousands of marriageable men and women, of all ages," from meeting, and, in short, bring about the state of things described above by Mr. Arnold, that the editor felt himself moved to construct an organ of communication between "ladies and gentlemen aspiring to marriage." This address, which opens in language like that of the Prayer Book, and closes like the prospectus of a new Company, is so well worth reading, that we refrain from quoting it entire. But let us consider for a moment its two main principles. Politics and literature, art and science, business and sport, all have journals specially devoted to them; why should not the 'ancient institution of marriage' have one also? Has it not rather a superior claim to have one? Is it not a thing of 'universal interest among the human family?' The want of such a journal is a 'national want;' the editor steps forward and supplies it. When this want first began to be felt, is not clear; but we may gather from the second principle that we must look for its rise in the dawn of civilization. The "noble savage" feels no such want: he purchases his bride, or fights for her—nay, sometimes with her, if the tales of travellers be true—he rides after her in hot haste, and woos and wins her by the speed of his horse: he is shackled by none of the 'cold formalities of society and rules of etiquette.' But the suitor of the present age, the civilized suitor—*heu, quantum hic distat ab illo!* Mrs. Grundy prohibits all such wooing; in prim propriety she stands in town and in country, at balls and at fêtes champetres, at archery and at croquet parties, and at stiff conver-

saziones, and forbids Beatrice to speak to Benedick, unless they have been properly introduced. But sometimes they cannot get introductions; lo! our editor comes forward as *maître de ceremonies*, and offers to introduce them for the small consideration of six stamps per 40 words. His introductions, moreover, are not cold and formal like those of Mrs. Grundy, who gives only the names: indeed he omits the latter, but gives instead the age, general appearance, position in life, and various other details of great interest and importance:—hence the 40 words. Instead of the names he substitutes numbers, but he asks that the real names should be sent to him, "to prevent confusion and insure strict privacy." In the innocence of our heart, we had imagined that to send no name would insure stricter privacy; but of course the editor knows best. He is evidently a man of men; he offers —for the trifling sum of twelve stamps—to "give advice by letter on any point relating to courtship or marriage, or *any other difficult subject;*" which last words might include everything, from the treatment of sick children to the most abstruse questions of politics and science.

That the editor did not count his chickens before they were hatched, seems obvious from the fact that the first number of the journal contains nearly nine columns of advertisements from 'aspirants to marriage,' bachelors and spinsters, widowers and widows, of ages varying from sweet and naive eighteen, who 'thinks that she is old enough to marry,' up to 55. All grades of society, with the exception of the extremes, seem to be represented in both sexes. How many of them are *bonâ fide? Quien sabe?* That many are so, we have little doubt, for the great majority of the ladies confess to ages above 30 and under 50. The most striking characteristic of all the advertisements is that they state very candidly the possessions, whether in money or land, real or potential, of the advertisers; and a perusal of them suggested to us a punning line, which we found in a MS. in the Library of the Norwich Cathedral, "Matrimony—a matter o' money nowadays."

We will conclude with a word of caution to the philanthropic editor: viz., that he should restrict his advertisements to furniture, and such things as may be useful to aspirants to marriage, and not admit that of an authorized edition of the Mordaunt Divorce Case, which can only serve as a sign-post on the matrimonial road, pointing grimly to the *immane barathrum* of the Divorce Court. But perhaps we are wrong; for its object may be, *pour encourager les autres.*

PULPIT AND PEW.

III.

IT appears to be the impression of a great many worthy people—you know the worthy people: people with an abnormal development of slowness and stolidity: there are several of them—it appears to be the firm impression of these worthy people, that to suggest that a clergyman is not the incarnation of mental and spiritual perfection is sacrilege, while to prove it is positive blasphemy. They seem to think that the writer of these bashful jottings is a rampant, roaring lion of infidelity, going about seeking whom he may devour: whereas, in truth and in fact, he is the most retiring little person, of the meekest disposition in the world. He is simply endeavouring, in a very quiet and small way, to communicate to such few persons as will condescend to listen to him, some considerations which he believes to be wholesome. Reject them, if you like; but don't snap his head off.

Oh, but cry the worthy people, he doesn't do it in the right spirit: he handles solemn themes with levity: he does not come to their consideration in an earnest mood: he is irreverent in tone. If this means simply that we say our say upon these matters in a casual style, that we don't force our views on other folks, and that we don't damn those who disagree with us, in the approved Christian manner, we plead guilty to the indictment. But when exception is taken to our not treating our themes in the high and dry style which is orthodox, we must be permitted to indulge in a little exclamation. Good heavens, good people, are ecclesiastical concerns never to be treated in a commonsense way? Is everybody who meddles with them to array himself in a coat with a yard and a half of tail to it, a waistcoat with no visible means of being taken off, a tie as white as his intentions ought to be, and a face as long as a bad sermon? Nothing of the sort. The body of religion—and with one exception, to be afterwards alluded to, it is with the body of religion only that we have concerned ourselves—will never be properly and healthfully ordered until people treat it in a rational spirit. There is no reason why clergymen and their belongings should be spoken of in words chosen out of a special vocabulary. The world must get rid of its superstitious awe of "the cloth" before the cloth can get well shaken and the dust knocked out of it. There is no sense in reverencing the clergy to the extent to which that reverence is carried. The spirit is confounded with the form, and the respect which is due to the one gets paid to the other. Clergymen are only earthen vessels—in some cases very earthen—and they ought not to be treated as heavenly ones. Their foibles, their follies, and their faults, deserve no more immunity from even the most off-hand criticism than do anybody else's. There is not the least occasion to be solemn in discussing their peculiarities. What is there momentous in the cut of a coat, the colour of a tie, or the quality of a sermon? Yet, mention these things lightly, and hey, presto, you are an atheist. As respect for the spirit is confounded with respect for the form, so animadversion of the form is muddled up with animadversion of the spirit. Thus, for mildly suggesting as a subject of curious consideration the exceptional authority in which a minister is placed over his fellow-men, the vials of religious wrath are opened upon us by the large body of worthy people aforesaid, who, from constant practice, are adepts at the manipulation of those vessels. All we have to say is that we still maintain the subject to be worth consideration; and to objectors to our manner of suggesting it, that if we were in a pulpit we should use words suitable to a pulpit, but being a weekly periodical we use words suitable to a weekly periodical.

We have said that it is, with one exception, the body of religion with which we have concerned ourselves. The one exception is, man's relative position with regard to this world and the next, which we alluded to in our last paper. Since we wrote those observations, we have had the pleasure of hearing upon the subject the remarks of one of that, happily not small, number of preachers who, while availing themselves to the full extent of their allotted half hour, make that half hour one of benefit and refreshment instead of weariness, and only illustrate the dreadfulness of their order by being exceptions to it. So closely did the preacher, in one part of his discourse, trench upon the ground which we took up, that we could almost have been guilty of the conceit of thinking that he had our observations in his mind, had he not stigmatized as "small sneers"* some of the remarks which he alluded to—which put all suspicion of their being ours out of the question. The preacher did not know which had done the more mischief, the religionists who pressed the claims of the other world to the exclusion of this, or the moralists who maintained this world to be more man's concern than the other. We know. The religionists have. For the moralists have only urged the truth—as we will submit—and "the truth never yet injured any man" in the long run. The preacher, in the course of an eloquent sermon, arrived at the conclusion—at which, by the way, everybody else has arrived, religionist and moralist alike—that man has to do with both worlds; but he seemed to be inclined to think that he had the more to do with the other, upon the principle expounded in the sonorous text—"the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." There is no denying that this is a grand old saw, full of music; and when rolled forth with a good strong voice, it almost carries conviction along with it. But it only requires a moment's consideration to perceive that it has nothing whatever to do with the point. In commonplace questions of expediency, the relative importance of two matters may justly be considered; but in a question of strict abstract right, such as this is, the consideration has no place. If a thing is a duty, it is just as important in the eye of omniscient justice that it should be done as any other duty of apparently a million times more moment. The duty that man owes to this world is the duty nearest to him, and if it ever clashed with his duty to the other world, the other should give way. The truth is, that it never does clash. To do one's duty by this world is to do one's duty by both: but that does not affect the truth that this world is as integral a part of man's life as the other; and being the part at present being lived by him, it is the part with which he has at present most concern. Eternity of consequence has nothing to do with the question: truth is truth: consequences will take care of themselves. Why are ministers so frightened of this world? Why have they such a contempt for moralists? They talk as if morality was inconsistent with religion, and——

But there! We are getting into a polemical controversy and a perspiration.

* Some of our readers may not understand what a "small sneer" is. "A sneer" is a disparaging remark. "A small sneer" is a disparaging remark with which the speaker disagrees.

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WHIT-WEEK AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

UNDER this title an article appeared in the *Sphinx* last year, and a correspondent, who thinks that at a time when Whit-week excursions are being arranged, attention might again be usefully directed to the subject, writes as follows:—

The Whit-week excursions were first established for the purpose of removing the Sunday scholars out of the reach of the races. This being the case:—Is the object not fulfilled by taking the scholars into some suburban field and thus saving them the dangerous railway journey at present so generally indulged in? The evils of a long trip by rail are almost innumerable. Not only do the children become very jaded and weary, often long before the homeward journey is even commenced, thus increasing the anxiety and trouble the teachers in charge have to bear (at the best of times, a load quite heavy enough for any mortal man), but the expense is beyond the means of the class for whom our Sunday schools are primarily intended. We remember one day, when endeavouring to persuade some poor people to send their children to the Sunday school (after the plea of poverty had been set aside), being met with the excuse that, if the children did attend, they were prevented from joining in the Whit-week festivities on account of their inability to pay eighteen-pence or even a shilling for railway fare, and, we think, no one will deny that an excursion ceases to be a Sunday school excursion when only half the scholars are able to enjoy it. It is no uncommon thing to hear a minister or a teacher bemoaning the absence of poor children from the schools; yet when Whit-week comes round they have no objection to erect, year after year, a most formidable barrier to the entrance of those who might, under proper instruction, be a blessing to society, but will—if the street education they are now receiving prospers—be the gaol birds of future years.

As to the plea of taking the children out of the reach of the races, we would ask the enemies of the turf if it would not be far manlier to attempt to remove the evil itself than to beat about the bush by taking the children out of the way of the temptation? At this point a question—far too important to discuss now—arises: Are the right people employed as Sunday school teachers? The scholar cannot be guarded through life, and we think if the evil were pointed out clearly by one who, feeling it to be an evil, could speak from his heart, the children would be found to be more willing to flee from it than "to go with the multitude to sin."

"This is the only holiday in the year many have," we imagine some one saying. We know it, and would on this account more strongly deprecate the long journey. Were the sports carried on in some pleasant spot near Manchester, at a price low enough to suit the poorest, more time could be allowed in the fields, and we are sure all would enjoy themselves far more than it is possible to do if imprisoned in a close railway carriage for the long time which a trip, say to Windermere or Frodsham, involves. We should be very sorry to see Whit-week enjoyed one iota less than at present, but for the sake of Christianity, the schools, and the scholars, more discretion should be used in the selection of the scenes of sport. In concluding, we would commend these few remarks to Sunday school teachers in particular, trusting that ere long something may be done to remove one of the greatest evils in the Sunday school management of the present day.

WORKMEN AND IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE.—The putting into the hands of the workingman imaginative literature, is even a more important advantage than the cheapening of scientific books. The tendency of mechanical employments is to exercise the understanding alone; they afford no diet for the fancy or the feelings. They leave unfed no small portion of the intellect. They do not open any one of the doors of history or biography. The artisan, like the student, requires the hours of leisure to stand in contrast with his daily employment. A few will find recreation even in severer studies, and will resort for it by a natural instinct to books treating of scientific matters. But we have to consider the many who need to be led rather than the few who can guide themselves. And, for the many, narrative, sometime historical but more frequently imaginative, holds out greater attractions than all the publications of the Useful Knowledge Society, or than all the excellent manuals of more recent date of mathematics, chemistry, or natural history.—*Saturday Review.*

SHORTNESS OF TIME IN DREAMS.—One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with dreams is the shortness of time needed for their consummation. Lord Brougham says that in dictating a man may frequently fall asleep after uttering a few words, and be awakened by the amanuensis repeating the last word to show that he has written the whole; but though five or six seconds only have elapsed between the delivery of the sentence and its transfer to paper, the sleeper may have passed through a dream extending through half a lifetime. Lord Holland and Mr. Babbage both confirm this theory. The one was listening to a friend reading aloud, and slept from the beginning of the sentence to the latter part of the sentence immediately succeeding; yet, during this time, he had had a dream, the particulars of which would have taken more than a quarter of an hour to write. Mr. Babbage dreamt a succession of events, and woke in time to hear the concluding words of a friend's answer to a question he had just put to him. One man was liable to feelings of suffocation, accompanied by a dream of a skeleton grasping his throat

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whenever he slept in a lying posture, and had an attendant to wake him the moment he sunk down. But, though awakened the moment he began to sink, that time sufficed for a long struggle with the skeleton. Another man dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, spent a fortnight in America, and fell overboard when embarking to return; yet his sleep had not lasted more than ten minutes.

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LIVING MEN OF LETTERS:—
7. Mr. George Grote.
8. ,, Geo. A. Sala.
9. ,, W. Hepworth Dixon.
10. Mrs. Beecher Stowe.
11. Mr. H. W. Longfellow.
12. ,, John Ruskin.
13. ,, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

LANCASHIRE WORTHIES:—
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Barton Booth, (the Actor).
John Collier, (Tim Bobbin).
John Dalton.

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,, Cook v. Green.
,, Match for the Championship.
,, Sketch of Cook.
,, Sketch of Roberts, sen.
,, Cook v. Boberts, sen., in Manchester.
Billiard Medley.
The French and English Wrestlers.
The Wrestlers: Lancashire v. France.
A Nemesis Boat Race.
A Paper Chase.

ART:—
Mr. Waterhouse and Owens College.
The Manchester Artists' Exhibition.
Are Artists the only Judges of Art.
The Pictures at the Town Hall.
Mr. C. H. Rickards's Collection.
Portraits at the Public Institutions.
The Picture Sales, Royal Institution.
The Controversy on the Prize Picture.

THE DRAMA:—
Spectacle v. Pantomime.
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2. The Apparitor.
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The Unexpected Visitor.
Lubbers Afloat.
The Twelve Apostles.
Lancashire Anecdotes.

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Deserted Churches: 4. All Souls', Ancoats.
,, ,, 5. St. George's, Rochdale Rd.
The Greek Archbishop in Manchester.
Pulpit and Pew.

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The Rhymster's Revenge.
Tied to Business.
Tell me, Lydia.
The Dance of Fancy.
Sonnet to Spring.
Shakespere and the Amateurs.
My Stage Career.
The Bold 'Bus Driver.'

TRADE AND COMMERCE:—
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Notes on 'Change.
Proposed New Exchange.
The Old Exchange and the New.
Hints for a Catechism of Commerce.
Manners and Customs on 'Change.

DESCRIPTIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS:—
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Our Christmas Dinner in the Desert.
Sprigs from an Old Holly Bush.
What became of a Christmas Leg of Mutton.
How Moses Saved my Life.
The Germans in Manchester.
In Memoriam: James Prince Lee.
——————— Thomas Fielden.
Bimini: By John Stores Smith.
What to Eat and How to Cook it.
On the Atlantic.
A Morning in the City Police Court.
A Ramble to Didsbury.
Tramways.
Our Daily Papers.
A Stranger at the Concert Hall.
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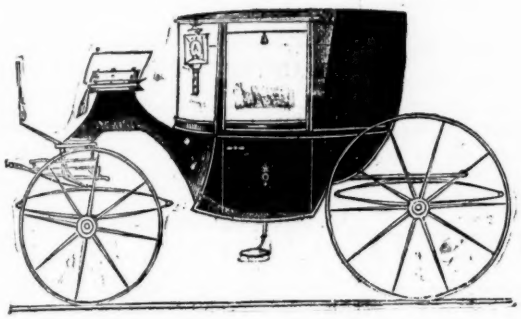

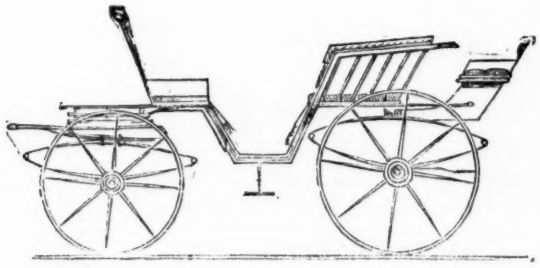

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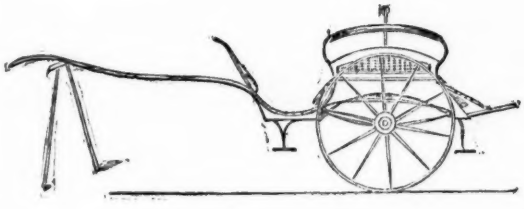

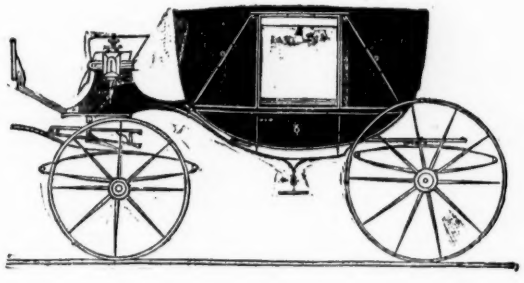

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